

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL GAZETTE

OF THE

SALVATION

ARMY

IN

CANADA WEST

AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E. C.

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WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

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HENRY C. HODDER, Commissioner.

1923





FLASHES from the LIGHTHOUSE

PERSONAL IMPRESSIVE ORIGINAL TELLING BRIEFS
TESTIMONY INCIDENTS ARTICLES EXTRACTS INSTRUCTION

That Secret Altar

Light There the Sacred Flame of Sincere Faith, and Ask What You Will

EVERY reader of the Old Testament is acquainted with those arresting little word-pictures which, occurring so frequently, present to the view an altar. Sometimes one sees a crude erection of a few rough stones merely, an altar none the less; and it is attended, maybe by one man, or perhaps a little family group. Again, it is an ornate structure of well-defined parts, set up in a glorious place; and assembled before its awe-inspiring splendour, a multitude of devoted people. Between these two extremes one may read of gradations of magnificence and devotion, but ever is the altar depicted.

One finds on visiting the sacred piles which ornament our towns and cities, that the notion of an altar claims the attention of worshippers even yet, and whether costliest constructions or simplest of tables, there they stand, set up in the name of the Living God. But what do they mean? What do the people apprehend with regard to them? Can a carpenter make an altar, or a mason chisel one from stone? Can the goldsmith design and mould a place for the worship of Almighty God? Does the Most High wait on the accomplishments of cunning craftsmen? eve He can condescend to accept adoration from men?

From Russia comes this proverb: "There's a secret city in every man's heart. It is at that city's altars that the true prayers are offered." And there we have a suggestion which every one of us would do well to consider. Prayer in the city or prayer in the town; prayer in a concourse or the prayer of one alone; in temple or church, in a Salvation Army Hall, or in a field—'tis not the outside setting that counts, not the altar, nor the one who presides; 'tis the heart of the one who prays that matters.

Let him light on his inward altar the sacred flame of sincere faith and he shall ask what he will in the name of the Saviour of men and he shall be blessedly rewarded. For Jesus came not to command the building of altars which all men may see. He seeks to-day, as ever, to be worshipped in the heart, from which are the issues of life; in the heart, where is formed a man's character; in the heart, out of which come the actions that denote the character of a man.

The world had had enough of temples made with hands, and of the altars on which Jewish sacrifice was made long before Jesus came. He it was

JESUS CHRIST: A LIVING INFLUENCE

"The wholesale rebellion against His influence which culminated in the war has turned out so very badly that just at present there are probably more people who feel that in Christ the Saviour there is no hope for man than there ever were before in the lifetime of man now living."—G. Bernard Shaw

who challenged the perverted order of things by denouncing the hypocrisy which could recite prayers that came from the lips alone. And it is true that to-day He desires the worship of the heart—out of the secret place in every man's heart—the place no other person knows. He covets first place there, and will be satisfied with none other.

Less than nothing are the vain oblations which emanate from any other place or from any other motive than that born of God within that secret heart. What if the words be well chosen and the listeners assert that this is as the voice of an angel speaking. If the prayer be not offered in the heart, it remaineth untrue, and is not answered from Heaven. Simple, sincere, of few and halting phrases, even, the prayer which ascends to the Holy One who has the altar of a man's heart gives joy to the Father God and moves Him to loving action, while time rounded phrase and fervent utterance, begotten in the brain and alien to the heart, tinkle only in the ear and die with the momentary vibration unhonored in Heaven and without value on earth.

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw; Gives exercise to faith and love; Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the soldier's armor bright.

By all means let us pray aloud, if by so doing other souls are blessed and inspired; but let us never do so unless we are conscious that we offer our words before that hidden altar dedicated to our personal Saviour and our loving, greatly-beloved and readily-obeyed God!

.. THE LIFE OF GOD ..

THE life of God in the life of man is a subject of never-ending interest, and it has many sides and aspects. In this latter respect it reminds me of the dawning of the day, which is never twice seen exactly the same, and yet comes in every morning by the operation of the selfsame sun. The opening day has many movements of coloured light, flashing as they change like the waves of the sea—mimic storms and tempests, torrents, and deep calms, cleansing tides and tiny rivulets—all so different and yet all the same sea. So in one heart God works the grace to pull down, and another to build up; in one to chastise, in another to comfort; in one to bruise, bleed, and break, in another to restore and lead beside the still waters; in one to wound and in another to heal, and yet in each and all it is the same Spirit.

When the soul of a man has thus taken in the Spirit of God, it is unutterably blessed, for it becomes a living temple—created by His own word, and kept pure by His own breath. Therein God can exhibit what He likes best—love, truth, purity, tenderness, patience, in fact, all of Heaven that earth can desire or understand or receive.

COMPENSATION

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN

FOR everything that happens wrong
A dozen things go right.
For every tear a flood of song
Rings out across the night.
For every dark and stormy day
A week of days are fair.
However chill the clouds and gray,
Tis always bright somewhere.

For every heart of bitterness
A host of hearts are light.
For every hour of deep distress
A whole long day is bright.
For every faithless friend we find
That many friends are true.
So, after all, God's mighty kind
To such as me and you.

THE MARKED ROUTE

THE severe rainstorm was over. It had washed lawns and freshened the trees in the valley, and had also filled to overflowing the little pools and hollows higher up, so that the water still came coursing down the rocky hillside in rivulets. Some one idly remarked that they seemed to follow a path they found ready made for them.

"They do," answered a neighbor earnestly. "That is the story of all such action-making paths; they make it easier for the next one to follow. Certainly to me it is the story of the thoughts that cut ruts in our brain."

We seldom think of those brain paths, and yet they are as real as they are important. Once admit a certain thought, and suspicion of evil in our neighbor's conduct, a distrust of something or someone in whom we have always believed, an ugly return that might be made to some unkindness, and give it space for a few minutes, and at its first opportunity we shall find it returning and following the same course. Nevertheless there is comfort in the knowledge that good, generous thoughts have an equal power in cutting such channels, and we are not helpless in deciding which thoughts shall have the right of way.

NURSING OUR CARES

MEN will not avail themselves of the riches of God's grace. They love to nurse their cares and seem as uneasy without some fret, as an old friar would be without his hair girdle. They upon the Lord; but, even when they attempt it, they do not fail to catch them up, and think it meritorious to have them. They take God's ticket to heaven, and then put their baggage on their shoulders, and tramp, tramp the whole way thereafte—Beecher.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

by themselves have done very little for mankind; in fact, it is said that their only claim to distinction is that they have been used as paving material on the road which leads to a very undesirable location in the next world.

Perhaps, if we use a little of the energy and thought we usually use in framing New Year resolutions, in actually doing something worth while we shall profit accordingly.



NO
An Article

YOU SHOULD READ

'THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE'

THOSE who are familiar with "The Soldier's Guide" will know that it is made up of Bible readings for each morning and evening throughout the year. The portions extend to fifteen or sixteen words each in length, and by means of this convenient selection of passages the reader is able to compass the whole Bible in the course of a year. For this, among other reasons, the "Guide" is eminently suited for family worship, and it is good to know that it is very widely used for this purpose.

Some of our readers will recall the time when "The Soldier's Guide" was first issued, and the outcry that was raised against it in certain quarters. It was sneered at as "General Booth's Mutilated Bible." But as our Founder explained, "it was never meant in any degree to take the place of the Bible. What we want to bring about is the daily reading of all parts of the Bible, instead of that preference for the New Testament which we find more and more common."

Happily that period of misunderstanding has long been lived down, and "The Soldier's Guide" has come into its own. The habit of bringing it into regular family use could be formed at no better time than the New Year.

THERE IS NO MIDDLE GROUND

"He that is not for me is against me scattereth." Every man is either saved or lost, is either right or wrong, is either God's servant or the Devil's slave, is on his road to Heaven or on his death-march to Hell.

There is no middle ground between the acceptance of the Bible and the endorsement of infidelity, between creation and evolution, and between faith and doubt.

Christ is either the God-man or He is an impostor; religion is either a blessed reality or it is a dark and terrible delusion.

There is no middle ground between sin and holiness. Christ can either save from all sin, or sin is stronger than grace. Quibbling over definitions may mystify the vision, but it does not alter the fact. Christ can and will sanctify the soul from all sin, or else sin remains within us. There is no use to argue over definitions and gradations of suppression; the choice and the fact lie between sin and holiness.

Life and good are on the one hand, and on the other, death and evil. Choose ye this day the side you will take.

Comparing the first two chapters of Genesis with the last two of Revelation, we see that in the final restoration every original will have its permanent antitype. In the beginning were Eden, the tree of life, the man and his wife, and blessed communion with God. In the glorious future there will be Heaven, the tree of life on the river of life, Christ and His church, and everlasting fellowship and communion with God.

Fear God for His power; trust Him for His wisdom; love Him for His goodness; praise Him for His greatness; believe Him for His faithfulness; and adore Him for His holiness.

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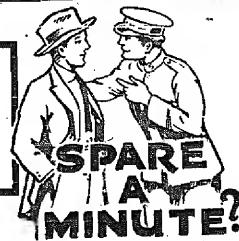


OUR WEEKLY SERMONETTE

NO MISTAKES IN GOD'S PLAN

An Article Which Should Bring Much Comfort to Those Who Have Suffered Bereavement

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg (Norway)



'THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE'

THOSE who are familiar with "The Soldier's Guide" will know that it is made up of Bible readings for each morning and evening throughout the year. The portions extend to fifteen or sixteen verses each in length, and by means of this convenient selection of passages the reader is able to compass the whole Bible in the course of a year. For this, among other reasons, the "Guide" is eminently suited for family worship, and it is good to know that it is very widely used for this purpose.

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Comparing the first two chapters of Genesis with the last two of Revelation, we see that in the final restoration every original will have its permanent antitype. In the beginning were Eden, the tree of life, the man and his wife, and blessed communion with God. In the glorious future there will be Heaven, the tree of life on the river of life, Christ and His church, and everlasting fellowship and communion with God.

Fear God for His power; trust Him for His wisdom; love Him for His goodness; praise Him for His greatness; believe Him for His faithfulness; and adore Him for His holiness.

SOME incidents can never be effaced from one's memory, for it has seemed as though they have been etched thereupon by the slow drops of blood falling from the wounds of a bleeding, if not a broken, heart. Let me relate one such incident. I was sitting alone one morning with my second baby in my arms, when my

many times since have the sweet buds of peace kept my soul from fainting, 'mid the blasting of the storm, "God never makes a mistake."

It was the morning following the death of our beloved General. I had been in very early to see him. He looked most beautiful. There were so many visitors to be received during the day, and I was anxious to have it all just as it should be for my brother's visit, before any of these friends made their appearance on the scene.

At first we all three went in together; nay, I believe, four—the Chief (then) Mrs. Booth, Lieutenant-Colonel Catherine and myself. Then the Chief said, "I would like to be left alone." He was looking very pale and overstrung. The reaction of the past weeks of strain had already set in. My dear sister, Mrs. Booth and I waited outside. Through the door came the sounds of a stifled yet determined voice, and I felt the man inside was making vows to his living God in the presence of his beloved wife.

Anointed by God

When at last the door opened I was struck with the expression on the Chief's face. It was as though during those moments in that sacred chamber God had anointed him, and the cloak of Elijah had fallen upon Elisha. The eyes were heavy with human tears, but there was such a Divine light in them! The face was pale, very pale, but peace, wonderful, blessed peace was stamped upon the features. The lips trembled slightly as, taking Mrs. Booth's hand in one of his and mine in the other, he said,

"Dear, dear General! What a life we shall never see his like again!" I could not answer; I was choking. The full blast of the sorrow seemed to burst upon me in all its fury as, hand in hand, the two passed downstairs, and I stood alone in that very lobby where Mr. Higgins had, while washing his hands, pronounced the operation, as far as he could tell, to be perfectly successful; and Mr. Eason had said, "the best man in the world to operate upon," and now, not three months later, he lay cold and still in the arms of death. Oh, the irony of that mystery! How it confronted me! Oh, the "Why!"—how it cried in my ears, and, oh, the ache! how it was spent in the violent torrent of tears, as I bent my head on to the table to let the waters have vent. Then came again the far-off echo of the words in the Paris baby's nursery, now fifteen years ago, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake," and I was comforted.

Then my brother spoke. He leaned right over the dead baby, and I remember as he grasped my hot, feverish hand while he held the tiny, stiff, cold fingers—with a strength that seemed, for the first time, to wake me from the stunned lethargy into which the shock of the baby's death had plunged me, he looked at me with those beautiful, speaking eyes of his—my mother's eyes—overflowing with tears, and said these words, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake." Only that. No more. Then he bent and kissed the baby, and told me I must come downstairs with him and give him a little breakfast, for he was cold and needed something after his long journey.

He went back to London that night. There was no apparent change in my feelings, but all that day, and the many days and nights which followed, were ringing in my ears those words, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake."

Sweet Buds of Peace

They did their work—hard as was the wayside soil—for the moment that they fell they bore fruit; and now

YOU will have to be in earnest about it. It must be your one purpose, to get right with God. Nothing else must be allowed to matter. You must realize your need of salvation. And you must face the fact that unless you get saved by grace you will lose your soul.

Comfort will come to you just here in the knowledge that Jesus Christ has sacrificed His life in order that you might escape death. And the reminder that He is waiting to forgive should bring you to your knees, in earnest desire to obtain His pardon at any price.

You must now recognize that the forsaking of all sin, the abandonment of all wrong-doing, the putting right, as far as possible, of any wrong done, and a deliberate handing over of yourself to your new Master are all necessary steps for you to take. The Devil will raise objections and point out difficulties. If you tell him he is a liar, and refuse to listen to him, you will do well.

Cry to God for forgiveness for Christ's sake, and for power to walk the new way. Believe that God hears your prayer, and answers it. Start at once to do the right thing at the moment, and go on looking to God for guidance and help. He never fails.

TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS

A MOSLEM boy was brought to a Salvation Army Leper Colony in the Dutch East Indies one day. His father was a native ruler and very much devoted to his faith. The boy, too, made a request on arriving that he might not be taught anything about Christ. None the less he began, by and by, to stand at a little distance when the Children's Meetings were being held, and the wonder of Calvary won his heart. The father was for cutting the boy off when he heard the story; but his heart overcame his religious scruples when the boy died loving Jesus. The dignified Moslem came to kneel at his son's grave one day; and when the headstone arrived he was placed over the little grave in the Colony; it was found that the father had instructed the mason to carve the symbol of salvation in the top panel where the crescent and star had been wont to appear.

THINK, and realize that

These lines may fall beneath the eyes of some other mothers, whose arms ache for the babies gone before, or of some other watchers by the side of their dead, or may be cause the tears to flow as the head is bowed in some bitter lonely experience. I know not. Perhaps they may be read by some who lie upon beds of suffering, from which they have not risen for eight, nine, ten or even more years.

To all I would pass on my brother's words. I wish he could speak them personally to you each as he did to me, with that firm, awakening pressure of his hand; but the words are there, let them help you: "God—the all-loving, all-wise, all-tender God—never makes a mistake."

All-loving and All-wise

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Let them comfort you as they have thousands of times comforted me.

Popularity is more often a reward for not displeasing people than for pleasing them.

He went back to London that night. There was no apparent change in my feelings, but all that day, and the many days and nights which followed, were ringing in my ears those words, "Lucy, God never makes a mistake."

Sweet Buds of Peace

They did their work—hard as was the wayside soil—for the moment that they fell they bore fruit; and now

murdered convictions are the most terrible ghosts that lie in wait along your pathway to the grave.

Sin puts hell in the soul; then it puts the soul in hell.

You must hope and strive if you would thrive.

Happiness will never be found at the end of the rainbow unless you carry it there.

HOW KOREANS TESTIFY

Saving the Prisoners and Wonderful
Faith-Healing

THREE striking testimonies heard in
a Salvation Army Meeting in
Korea:

First Man: "Some time ago I mixed in doubtful money transactions, and eventually was imprisoned. After my release I met Ensign — under whose influence I found Salvation. Hearing of a friend of mine who was in the hands of the police, I urged his release, promising to take him to The Army and get him converted. They consented; he came to the Meeting, bringing his brother—a drunkard and both professed Salvation. Twelve others of the family now attend the Meetings."

Second Man: "I belong to this neighborhood. For two years I was a complete invalid. The Ensign visited my house and entreated me to seek Salvation. This I did, and he joined with me in asking the Lord to heal me. Now I am quite strong, and have given myself to God to work in The Salvation Army until I die."

Third Man: "For months I had had a bad leg. Going to Seoul, I entered hospital, but after two or three months the doctors said nothing could be done. The Captain visited me and prayed that Jesus would heal my body. Immediately I began to improve; in three weeks I was quite well and strong. Tonight I am well and strong, as well as any one."

NIGERIAN PROGRESS

Whole Congregation of Over Two
Hundred at Mercy Seat

A remote part of Nigeria, an English Army Officer found some hundreds of native workers engaged in laying a Government railway line. When it was known that The Army Officer was in town, some of the headmen approached the foreman of the works and requested him to arrange for a Meeting to be held the following Sunday. Informed of this, the Ensign jumped at the opportunity, and when the time for the gathering arrived, the headmen came to his billet to conduct him to a large booth made of palm leaves in which had been placed a table spread with a white cloth.

Over 200 natives were present and listened intently to the story of Jesus. When the invitation was given to those who desired to find Salvation a large proportion of the men stood to their feet. Before the Prayer Meeting closed practically the whole congregation had been seen kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

THE PRAYER HOUR

Most people give their bodies about ten hours a day in eating, and drinking, and dressing, and sleeping, and maybe a few minutes to their souls. We ought to give at least one solid hour every day to restful, loving devotion with Jesus over our open Bible, for the refreshing, developing, and strengthening of our spiritual life.



Adjutant Merritt
Vancouver I-1000

Ensign Cox
Winnipeg III-1000

Ensign Acton
Lethbridge-1000

THE
EASTER WAR CRY
now being prepared
Will Be A Seller!

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OUR WESTERN MIRROR

Christmas War Cry Champions Twenty-Three Corps take 1,000 Copies and over Territorial Total - Seventy Thousand

In 1920 we circulated 45,000 copies, in 1921, 58,000 copies, in 1922 the grand total recorded above

Just as soon as we receive photographs of the other members of the 'gallant twenty' we shall publish same. In the meantime we give their names: Commandant Wier Edmonton I, 1500; Captain Loughton, Regina II, 1500; Adjutant Otway, Moose Jaw, 1500; Commandant Hoddinott, Victoria, 1300; Ensign Day, Port Arthur 1000; Ensign Bellamy, Fort William, 1000; Adjutant Junker, Saskatoon I, 1000.

The Cadets disposed of Twenty five hundred copies



Adjutant Tutte
Regina I-2500



Ensign McBain
Winnipeg I-2000



Comdt. Hamilton
Calgary I-2025



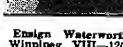
Adjutant Beattie
Brandon-1300



Ensign Fox
Winnipeg II-1200



Captain Herman
Vancouver V



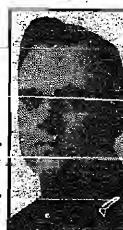
Ensign Waterworth
Winnipeg VIII-1200



Ensign Chapman
Winnipeg IX-1000



Ensign Gee, Mundy
Prince Albert-1000



Captain Collier
Portage-1000

REBUILDING RHEIMS

Regent Hall Delegates Attend Opening of New Citadel

IT WILL be within the recollection of "War Cry" readers that during the repeated bombardment of the beautiful city of Rheims in Northern France, the brave Salvationists, under Adjutant Carrel and Captain Gaquier, manifested extreme devotion and fortitude, and survived many experiences of unspeakable terror. Until almost the last the Army Hall, which often served as a place of refuge, and over which a special providence seemed to brood, remained intact, while buildings all around were reduced to ruins. Then it was rendered uninhabitable.

It will also be remembered that when the question of rebuilding the devastated areas arose the Regent Hall Corps, London, and particularly the Band, accepted the responsibility of raising the money for a new Salvation Army Hall in Rheims.

The new Citadel has now been completed, and the opening ceremony was conducted by Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Payton. Delegates from Regent Hall were Bandmaster Twitchell, Band-Sergeant Good and Bandsman Freeman, who were impressed with the striking exterior of the building and its clean, compact, and beautifully lighted interior.

Under the best conditions Open-air work in France is greatly restricted, although not absolutely forbidden; but a correspondent draws vivid contrast between the fine Meetings conducted by the Rink Comrades in the Oxford Street area, and that held on the occasion among the dimly-lighted ruins of Rheims.

There were many penitents at the first Salvation Meeting conducted in the Citadel.

CHRISTMAS AT KILDONAN

The Women's Social Secretary Spends "The Day" at this Useful and Able Directed Institution

CHRISTMAS was celebrated at Kildonan Industrial Home in a royal manner. During the morning Winnipeg III Band arrived and played sweet music and sang carols. The Bandmen remained for about an hour much to the delight of the inmates. Ensign Cox spoke some suitable and acceptable words and some lovely flowers were left by the visitors and these graced the well laden tables.

Brigadier Goodwin, the Women's Social Secretary, and Ensign Saunders spent the day at this splendid Institution which is so ably managed by Adjutant Sharrock. After dinner Santa Claus was announced to arrive at 3:30 and prompt to time the sleigh-bells were heard. All were by this time seated around a beautiful tree which was burdened with presents and useful gifts. After the distribution, the Brigadier and Adjutant Sharrock addressed the company and one of the girls replied. In a demonstration given in the evening the girls did their parts well. Ensign Stride, Lieutenant Haslam, Mrs. Ridley and Mrs. Foster contributed acceptable items to the program.

Word in Season to Young People Who Have Been Dedicated to God's Service Under The Army

Flag

IN the dedication of this child you now declare your willingness for the Lord to take possession of her, and you wish that she shall only and always do His will. You must be willing that she should spend all her life for God wherever He may choose to send her, and not withhold her at any time from such hardship, suffering, want or sacrifice as true devotion to the service of Christ and The Salvation Army may entail.

Given to God

So run the words of a part of The Salvation Army Dedication Service.

E had been thus given up to the Lord. Father and mother had desired to enter The Salvation Army service themselves, but failing in this they dedicated their little girl should be consecrated and trained from earliest infancy for this work.

Under the dear old Army Flag they made the sacred offering and promise, and the influences of that undertaking were ever present with the child, who, while still quite young, enthusiastically entered herself into the spirit of the vow, and set her heart and mind upon the purpose of her life.

The sweet peace that comes from the knowledge that one is in the will of God was unmistakably hers when she definitely began her preparations, and the deep joy that looked through those eyes from her very soul expressed far more forcibly than the words uttered the happiness she experienced when she actually found herself in the chosen path. She had acquiesced in her parents' plan for her life, and had attained the fulfillment of the desire of her own heart.

Many parents have solemnly but easily responded to the words quoted above, expressing their willingness for their precious infant to be thus given to the Lord. The little one has grown up and reached the age when the responsibility for deciding this most important matter has to be taken upon herself.

Sealed Early Vow

Years of prayer have sealed over and over again that early vow; father and mother have striven through difficulties, dangers, disappointments, sickness, and very real self-denial to let the young life for the sacred service to which she had been dedicated, and then, often with much secret waiting upon God, have watched for her choice to be made.

What about all those Young People who have not so far set their own upon the action of their parents? Example and counsel they have, but they have not yet risen up and made a free-will offering of themselves to the Lord. What a disappointment they are to Him, to those dear ones whose loving care has overshadowed and surrounded them through the passing years, and to themselves!

And are there any parents who read these lines who have gone back upon their consecration and are hindering rather than helping the children once dedicated? To such the words must sound in solemn warning: "Defer not to pay thy vow."

Wide, wide as the ocean
High, as the heavens above,
Deep, deep as the deepest sea,
Is my Saviour's love,
Why I so unworthy,
Still I'm a child of His care,
For His word teaches me,
That His love reaches me,
Anywhere.

IG. RHEIMS

gates Attend Open-
ew Citadel

in the recollection
renders that during
aboardment of the
Rheims in Northern
Salvationists, under
Captain Gauger,
the devotion and for-
many experiences
er. Until almost
y Hall, which often
of refuge and over-
rovidence seemed to
taste, while buildings
duced to ruins. Then
uninhabitable.

remembered that
of rebuilding the
arose, the Regent
m, and particularly
d the responsibility
ey for a new Salva-
Rheims.

has now been con-
ing ceremony was
Commissioner and
ates from Regent
master Twitchin,
od and Bandana
e impressed with
ior of the building
act, and beautifully

conditions Open-air
greatly restricted,
tely forbidden; but
aws vivid contrast
Meetings conducted
ades in the Oxford
that held on this
the dimly-lighted

ay penitents at the
eting conducted in

AT KILDONAN

al Secretary Spends
Useful and Able
Institution

celebrated at Kildonan
Home in a royal
the morning. Winal-
ed and played sweet
arols. The Band
about an hour much
e inmates. Ensign
uitable and accept-
ome lovely flowers
visitors and these
den tables.

win, the Women's
nd Ensign Saunders
this splendid Insti-
ably managed by
k. After dinner
unmanned to arrive
t to time the sleigh
All were by this
d a beautiful tree
d with presents and
er the distribution
Adjutant Sharrock
pany and one of
the girls did their
n Stride, Lieutenant
ey and Mrs. Foster
table items to the

PAY THY VOW

Word in Season to Young People Who
Have Been Dedicated to God's
Service Under The Army
Flag

In the dedication of this child you
now declare your willingness for
the Lord to take possession of her,
and you wish that she shall only and
always do His will. You must be will-
ing that she should spend all her life
for God wherever He may choose to
send her, and not withhold her at any
time from such hardship, suffering,
want or sacrifice as true devotion to the
service of Christ and the Army
The Salvation Army may entail.

Given to God

So run the words
of a part of The Sal-
vation Army Dedi-
cation Service.

Ensign had been
thus given up to the
Lord. Father and
mother had desired
to enter The Salva-
tion Army service
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little girl should be
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For His word teaches me,
That His love reaches me,
Anywhere.

Captain Remond
N. Battleford—1909

THE WAR CRY

Absurdity Digs Its Own Grave Passing of Great Friend

Broadcasted 'Fact' Proved to be Fiction

Tribute to the Devotion of Salvationists Across the Border

Extracts from Commander Eva Booth's Declaration of Loyalty

SOME readers of The War Cry will have noted statements, which have been published in certain newspapers, questioning the loyalty of Salvationists in the United States. Hitherto we have not deemed the matter of sufficient moment to refer to it in this journal, and that our attitude has been fully justified is proven by the fact that the absurdity of the suggestion has been its own grave digger. There are no more loyal and devoted Salvationists in the world than the Officers and Soldiers in the United States, and why it should have been repeated with such curious persistence and apparent ill will in certain newspapers leaves us amazed.

We feel sure, however, that a statement published in the New York 'War Cry,' by Commander Eva Booth, whose life-long devotion to The Army has never been questioned within our borders, will be read with pleasure, for although she has not received orders to farewell, it is clear where she stands.

"Where do I stand?" is the question she asks. Reviewing various stages in her long service, and recalling her ready obedience at all times to the orders of her General, she says:

"I stand by The Flag my Father, our Founder, lifted, the principles he laid down as the foundation of our Organization, and by my brother, The General, our Founder's Successor. . . .

"I stand where I stood when my Father made known to me his desire to call me from London and to send me across the sea to take charge of Canada"

Drummer Orton, of Neepawa, Called Home

AGAIN the death angel has visited our Corps and taken from our midst Brother Norman Orton. We miss him greatly for he has been our Drummer for the past eleven years. This Comrade graduated from the Company Meetings to the Senior Corps, and was



converted under Captain Levi Taylor (now Lieutenant-Col. Taylor) in 1898. Our Brother never missed an Open-Air unless he was sick or working, and it was his chief delight to beat The Army drum. He had always a clear, definite experience, and the sunshine of his heart shone through his face. He was a great encouragement to the Band boys, and did his very best to help their progress.

Brother Orton attended the Meetings during his last Sunday on earth, and gave an encouraging testimony, and about half an hour after starting work on the following morning he met with an accident. The Officers were called, and while the Ensign went to Norman's side, Mrs. McCaughey went to tell Mrs. Orton. He was moved to the hospital and while there Officers and Comrades visited him from time to time. Never once was he heard to complain about God's will or why the accident should have happened. His wife sat by his side day after day, only leaving to give the children necessary attention. But Brother Orton's words were, "All is well, I am ready." His thoughts were continually with the Band, and he would say, "I want to do my duty." The day before passing away Ensign McCaughey read to him and he said, "My Father knows, I'm in His hands." On November 17th he went to sleep at 9:00 p.m. and passed away peacefully at 2:50 a.m.

The Funeral was conducted on the following Sunday afternoon and our little Hall was packed. On the platform stood the muffled drum and the vacant chair. The Band played one of his favorite pieces, "It is well with my soul." Mrs. McCaughey sang his favorite, "Above the waves of earthly strife" and the Ensign spoke from the text, "I have fought a good fight." At night we held the Memorial Service and again the Hall was full. Different Comrades spoke highly of our departed Brother's life, and we all knew what they said was true for he was well known in Neepawa as a child of God. The Bandader in paying tribute to our departed Comrade said that when he was only a little fellow Brother Orton had taught him to beat the drum and was always an example to him for good. At the conclusion of the service three seekers came forward to give their all afresh to God.

Our prayers and sympathy are with the sorrowing wife and two little boys. We pray the God of all comfort will comfort them.

—Reviewing.

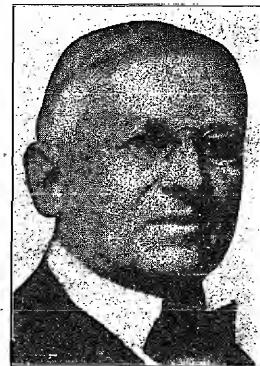
The Honorable John Wanamaker—a Fearless Champion and Practical Supporter of The Salvation Army

Answers The Call

Fine Record of Service for Others

A GREAT understanding and sympathetic friend and supporter, as well as fearless champion of The Salvation Army and our cause, has been called home to his everlasting reward in the person of the Honorable John Wanamaker, who died at his home in Philadelphia, Pa., Tuesday, December 12th, 8 o'clock in the morning, at the good old age of eighty-four years.

While the Honorable John Wanamaker was of national as well as of



international renown, the people of the Eastern and Southern States, among whom he resided, sense his loss perhaps more acutely than anyone else.

In his passing the economic and political worlds have lost a great champion of the Cross of Christ and a practical exemplar of the Master's teachings.

The Salvation Army in no less a degree has parted with a great friend whose choice Christian spirit, practical vision, keen foresight, generous benevolence and valued counsel have been a great asset for many years.

His family, his associates and Salvationists, however, have the rich consolation that the fragrance of his memory, as well as the inspiring influence of his life, will always abide. This consciousness will mitigate the sorrow of the thousands who mourn his passing.

Mr. Wanamaker was a true Christian and fearless exponent of the standards and ideals of the religion of Jesus Christ. He was by faith a Presbyterian, and at a very early age discovered that the Christ-life was the only true life. As a young man he was intensely active in church work, founded a Sunday-school in the Ecthany Presbyterian Church, which was one of his life interests and which, through the dominating influence of his Christian personality and untiring activity, became one of the largest in the country. His service of sixty-four years as superintendent of this school is believed to be a world's record.

He belonged to few clubs and was neither ambitious nor particularly active socially, but he had an undying interest in the welfare and well-being of his fellow men, and from the extensive betterment work which he inaugurated and endowed among his thousands of employees his philan-

(Continued on page 6)

Collegegram

By New Scribe

ELLE and commotion are the order of the day" at the Garrison. Christmas caroling and Relief Work mean business night.

Carollers have been well received and their efforts generously rewarded. Many interesting "tit bits" are recounted in this direction. One dapper gentleman was seen to be the lad cadets for some days and told the smiling Collector he could not miss hearing and while in many homes the little waited the coming of the carolers struggled hard to avoid the visit of the "Sandman".

Relief Collecting has been entered into by the Cadets, energetic lad was seen ringing a bounding dinner bell, but at the end the public peace it stopped and the Cadet found himself elsewhere. On the last collecting Santa Claus was to leave the Training Garrison sleigh drawn by six dogs, in to add his quota to the effort interesting subscription found to the Training Garrison from national National Railway Workers.

It appears that some of the decided to play a practical joke. Salvationist Workmates and actively hung up a supposedly Relief alongside his bench. The Salvationists took the joke good humoredly, other man standing nearby said chums, "Well, lets make it a practical joke" and dropped his button into the waiting pot. Followed his example, and end of the day over \$200 was raised and handed over to the T.G.W. Good for the practical joke.

Step into the Lecture Hall on mas day would have impressed once with the atmosphere of and goodwill, the decorations of the building gave the "home touch" so dear at this time. Claus and his good lady paid annual visit to the barracks at evening and amidst bursts of merriment succeeded in handing out Christmas parcels and mail. One present was heard to exclaim "make my 37th parcel." In the Training Garrison is a good one to be in!

members of the Training Garrison unite with the Cadets in Collegegram Readers a very blessed New Year.

IT BUNDLE AND LIFE

AN was passing along a railway in California. Leaving him on the line, he climbed a tall a drink of water from a spring. In he heard the whistle of a chugging train, and rushed down to snatch his bundle from it. He had barely time to the spot, when the train swept and dashed him to death. In the endeavor to save his bundle he lost his life.

many sacrifice their lives in fort to retain some cherished indulgence! They want to drink of the trees of death—but they are close at hand; but they rescue their bundles of pleasure, or worldliness, and in the attempt they lose their lives.

They prefer the bundle to the life, and they lose both the bundle and life. Sinner, backslander, running down the track after the things of time and turning you in the soul-refreshing water of life? Oh, beware! Turn not everyone that thirsteth, come ye water!

Noble Work of Mercy and Practical Relief

How The Salvation Army, Splendidly Supported by Generous Westerners, Brought Christmas Cheer to Hundreds of Needy Men, Women and Children

Our Territorial Leaders direct busy activities on behalf of the poor

COPERS, silver, bills and cheques — a heterogeneous pile of such like was contributed by the generous citizens of Winnipeg to The Salvation Army Christmas pots during the past week. On every hand the spirit of Yuletide was in evidence and donations of both cash and material were given cheerfully and liberally.

For sometime previous to the effort, the Commissioner, together with the Winter Relief Board and Social Officers, had been busily engaged formulating plans to meet the usual influx of applications for assistance at such a time. That the plans were well made and as well executed was proven by the smiles of satisfaction upon the tired faces of the workers themselves as well as the expressions of thankfulness on the part of the recipients of Yuletide cheer.

Throughout all the larger towns and cities of the West, Salvation Army Officers have been actively engaged in similar efforts to alleviate Winter suffering and see that every deserving family was supplied with a good Christmas dinner. As a result of the Winnipeg endeavor nearly \$6,000 was raised in the ten pots which had been placed at strategic points throughout the city. Special mention should be made of the men Cadets who, wrapped in giant polar coats, braved the snow and biting cold and diligently "kept the soup hot."

Behind the Scenes

However, such an effort does not consist entirely of bell ringing and coin jingling, but behind the walls of Sir Douglas Haig Hostel a crew of workers was appointed to the tiresome task of wrapping up roasts of juicy beef, weighing out sugar and tea, apportioning mints and fruit, and filling to the neck the eight hundred hampers, representing meals for 4,000 people. These jam-packed hampers, together with a bundle of toys supplied by The Tribune, were delivered to the needy homes of the City from the ten various Corps centres before Sunday morning had arrived. On this page is to be seen a picture of Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder inspecting the piles of hampers at the Hostel just prior to their delivery.

Last Minute Demands

Each family that received a food supply has been previously carefully investigated by an Officer, so it can be safely said that each recipient of Christmas cheer was deserving of the help given. After 650 portions had been packed last minute calls came in for another 150 hampers. Willing

Manitoba Hall was the scene, of a young mothers. A tastefully decorated tree, seasonable adornments in the reception parlor, and a "feast fit for a king" all combined to make the festival a topping success.

Continuing the series of Army Christmas festivities was the Happy Time which took place at the Kildonan Home on Monday. During the morning Winnipeg III band serenaded the residents at the Home, much to the enjoyment of all. The musical visitors also kindly left bouquets of flow-

ers were heard in the distance and presaged the soon-coming of the venerable Santa. He came and did his duty well, each girl being remembered by a useful present.

At supper-time Adjutant Sharrock, the industrious matron, again invited all present to partake of the final spread of the day. About forty "apprentices" took their place about a long table set in the corridor and in short order made havoc of the matron's famous mince pies and Christmas cake. Brigadier Goodwin and the Adjutant both briefly addressed the company of merriment-makers, after which one of the girls volunteered to reply in gratitude to The Army for all they had done for the inmates. Her words, tremulous and hesitating, were the means of blessing the hearts of those who had labored so arduously to make the day one of uplift and pure delight.

Santa's Antics

Mention should be made of one interesting feature of advertising the "Army kettles", namely, a toboggan drawn by eight white huskies. Following the sled, or seated thereon, was the convivial Chris Kringle, who cut up such antics as would draw the attention of any crowd. Reared on the toboggan was a sign warning readers that it was the last day of opportunity to contribute to The Army Fund, while Santa himself in stentorian tone voiced abroad the same fact. That this novel feature had its effect was evidenced by the counting-house results that night, when approximately four times the usual day's gleanings were totalled.

The Pathos of it All

If space would permit, many pathetic stories of dire need in poverty-stricken homes could be cited. One Officer told of entering a dilapidated shack where the living conditions were unmentionable and the mother of a pitiable little flock actually begged that food be sent them.

Another touching incident was that of a twelve-year-old girlie who approached the pot rather wistfully and dropped in a letter, the substance of which follows:

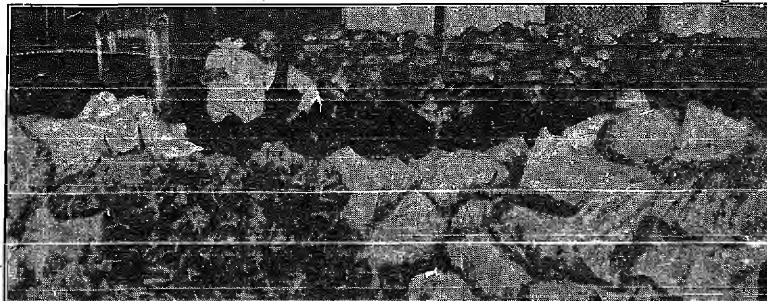
Street,
Winnipeg,

Dear Santa:

I am writing to ask if you will please think of us this Christmas and bring something to our home. My daddy is dead. My brothers went to the war and afterward got married, so that now there is only my 18-year-old sister working to keep the home going. Her boss is going to lay her off at Christmas time, so mother says she doesn't know what we will do as she won't be able to buy anything for our Christmas. So please, Santa, will you please remember us? If you have just a little to spare after you have been all around we shall be grateful to you.

(Continued on

page 8)



Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, Lieutenant-Colonel Morris, Lieutenant-Colonel McLean and Staff-Captain Allen photographed at the Douglas Haig Hostel with the mounds of Christmas hampers, parcels, and toys.



Home Corner

indicated by E.M.T.

are just as many kinds and of lunches as there are people in them, and moods, conditions, weather to prompt them. A soldier's day lunch should be savory, and satisfying. A balanced meal may consist of course, but it is more usual to have three.

A well-balanced soup makes the meal beginning, because it is as nourishing as a stimulant. The number of courses that may seem large or heavy, combination of foods which will not uncomfortable feeling.

Soups Hot, Cold Things Cold

By Aunt Joyful

that you would give your whole

things hot, and cold things

warm habit to none is fair,

into system too much "don't

the standard of day to day

to discontent, depression and

look well to the household

your family's unending

the injunction given of old,

things hot, and cold things

Dry Stew

out three pounds of lamb into

of bolling water. When it

more than half done put in

onions, peeled and left whole,

halves; some yellow turnips

or four carrots peeled and

veg lengthwise. About thirty

before serving time add some

peeled and cut in halves

salt to taste and a dash

About fifteen minutes be

add some dumplings, set

on the potatoes and being

at there is not liquor enough

till to touch the dumplings,

uld simply steam to be light.

this dinner, place the meat

of a platter and arrange

ables around it as a border.

the liquor left in the kettle

it as gray. Beef, veal or

or Children's Parties

again.—Sift two cupfuls of

h one-half a teaspoonful of

two teaspoonsfuls of baking

Add one cupful of chopped

nd pecans, mixed in equal

cupful of brown sugar.

egg, very light; add one

cupful of milk, and stir into this

ingredients. Lastly, stir in

spoonfuls of butter. Drop by

fuls on a greased baking

t, over them a mixture of

and sugar, and bake in a

a tick oven.

—A. B. T.

SONG OF THE WEEK

JESUS, PRECIOUS JESUS

Tunes—"Glory! Jesus saves me," 148;
"Land beyond the blue," 145.
Song Book, 462.

Precious Jesus, oh, to love Thee,
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou will but make it Thine.

Chorus

Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all in all to me.

Take my warmth, best affection,
Take my memory, mind and will;
Then with all Thy loving Spirit,
All my emptied nature fill.

Oh, how precious, dear Redeemer,
In the love that fills my soul!
It is done, the word is spoken,
Be Thou every whit made whole."

A HALLELUJAH HERALD

If you want to find a real old time Hallelujah Herald of the War Cry there is one to be found at Edmonton Citadel. This Comrade, Sergeant Moss, disposes of two hundred copies of the white winged messenger each week, and that after he leaves his regular work at 5.30 p.m. He says here is some sacrifice attached to it as it takes his evenings what with Meetings and Open-Airs as well, but there is joy in the service he is able to render to The Army and thus to God.

Sergeant Moss spent a long time living in the rough element of a mountain railroad camp, although he was not what might be termed a deep-dyed sinner, he was far from God, and felt he would be lost if he did not seek the pardoning mercy of the Saviour. So one glorious Easter Sunday, in the Edmonton Citadel, the Spirit spoke plainly, "Now, or never" and our Comrade said, "I had to yield and God came into my heart."

Mrs. Moss is also a Salvationist as well as their six children, one of the girls playing in the senior Band. We could tell of Sister Mrs. Moss's record as a War Cry Herald (for she is one), but we will reserve that for another time.

May God bless this energetic Salvationist family. —B. B.

MOTHER'S LITERARY WORK

"Do you do any literary work?" asked a neighbor of a mother. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I am writing two books." "What are their titles?" "John" and "Mary," she answered. "My business is to write upon the minds and hearts of my children the lessons that they will never forget!"

VICTORIA

Commandant and Mrs. Hedditch. The War Cry has not heard much about the Victoria Commandant in the fall of 1922, although started in a small way, the membership has gradually increased and the Meeting-hall is well attended. Mrs. Commandant Hedditch and Mrs. Captain Stewart take great interest in the League and are a great help to Secretary Mrs. McNeil. Mrs. McNeil is also a member. Treasurer Mrs. McNeil and many other faithful workers attend regularly and much has been accomplished through their efforts. The Victoria League is well organized. The meeting was held in December and in spite of unusually rough weather which tempted Victoria to stay indoors, there was a good attendance.

Afternoon tea—indispensable in Victoria—was definitely served and enjoyed by the patrons of the sale. At night the platform was occupied by Mrs. McNeil, who gave an interesting program, the last number of which was "The Home League in action," when the sisters demonstrated sewing, knitting, etc., and the men sang "The Home League Hallelujah," while, "We're on the Home League Trail," a song adapted from the popular Australian song "The Home-ward Trail." Mrs. Commandant Hedditch and the members of the Home League to the interest of the audience and a substantial sum was raised besides new members enlisted.

Sir Q. Lation Shows We are looking HOW THEY STAND for you



SIR Q. uses that caption for want of a better one, although he rather suspects some Corps are not "standing" at all, but—! However, we make exit from the year 1922 with the Corps and Divisions in the order shown below. Note that in addition to the total of over 17,000 there is a subscribers' and overseas list. As we commenced 1922 with a total circulation of a little over 15,000, we consider both Officers and boomers have done remarkably well.

Another twelve months will soon wing its flight and we shall stand with the opportunities of 1923 behind us. Will your Corps be one of those to change its status and climb a few pegs upward in the coming year, or are you going to join the "Standfasts"—(Aye, so much so as to be Stuckfast!) who have not advanced even one notch in the 1922 push?

As we go to press word reaches us that four Corps change positions to start the New Year. Rainy River, Kenora and Prince Rupert each leave the 1923 take-off with a jump of fifteen. And Winnipeg III which was bidding high to outstrip the top-notchers, starts 1923 with a slump—temporary, of course. That is the word used to soften the intimation!

Well, my dear C. O.'s, it's a case of jump or slump. All Live Wires will subscribe their names to the Jumper's Column. Altogether now! On your mark! Get set! J-U-M-P! Sir Q., pen in hand, stands ready to record results.

Why I Should Sell The 'War Cry'

By Lieut. Edward Coles, Regina II.

- Because I am a Salvationist and believe in the Army's methods of proclaiming the Gospel. The War Cry is one of the best methods used!
- Because I want to help to win others for Christ.
- Because it strengthens my soul's experience.
- Because it gives me confidence in speaking and dealing with others.

1.—SOUTHERN SASKATCHEWAN		Average Per Corps	1922	1923
Regina I	552	Kamloops	105	105
Moose Jaw	526	Watrous	94	94
Saskatoon	525	Humboldt	58	58
Regina II	157		158	158
Weyburn	142	Average Per Corps	1922	1923
Maple Creek	93		165	165
Indian Head	93		165	165
Herbert	105		165	165

2.—TRAINING COLLEGE DIVISION		Average per Corps	2022	2023
Winnipeg I	553	Victoria	420	420
Winnipeg II	2408	Vancouver I	238	238
Winnipeg III	257	Vancouver II	216	216
Winnipeg IV	157	Vancouver III	163	163
Winnipeg V	156	Nanaimo	131	131
Winnipeg VI	210	Vancouver V	131	131
Winnipeg VII	210	North Vancouver	115	115
Winnipeg VIII	184	Vernon	105	105
Winnipeg IX	184	Vancouver III	94	94
Winnipeg X	106	Vancouver IV	84	84
Winnipeg XI	106	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XII	94	Kamloops	84	84
Winnipeg XIII	94	Roseland	84	84
Winnipeg XIV	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XV	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XVI	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XVII	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XVIII	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XVIX	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XX	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXI	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXII	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXIII	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXIV	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXV	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXVI	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXVII	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXVIII	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXIX	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXX	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXXI	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXXII	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXXIII	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXXIV	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXXV	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXXVI	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXXVII	94	Victoria	84	84
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Winnipeg XXXIX	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXXX	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXXXI	94	Victoria	84	84
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Winnipeg XXXXIII	94	Victoria	84	84
Winnipeg XXXXIV	94	Calgary	84	84
Winnipeg XXXXV	94	Victoria	84	84
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NEW
YEAR
CHARGE
(See page 6)

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

NOBLE WORK
OF
MERCY
(See page 7)

NO. 1. (TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS)

SATURDAY, January 6th, 1923

(WINNIPEG, MAN.) PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE PEN-GEM OF THE WORLD

God's Law Book of Commands and Penalties--His Cheque Book of Promises and Rewards--The Revelation of God to Man

By Commissioner Booth Tucker



I HOLD in my hand a Bible which has been my constant companion for the last 47 years, since my conversion in one of Moody's meetings in the Agricultural Hall, London, in March, 1875. It has had to be rebound five times, in 1881, 1885, 1895, and 1921. It has one or two features which I would recommend to those of you who are Bible students.

1. It is printed on paper which can be marked and underlined with an ordinary pen and ink, which does not show through. There is some difficulty in getting such a Bible now, because the custom of marking Bibles has largely gone out of fashion. The thin India paper mostly used makes it almost impossible to properly mark the Bible without spoiling the page and showing through. Unfortunately, I am told that there is no demand for the markable Bible. The two things necessarily act and react upon each other. Insist on having at least one Bible that you can mark, and make it a constant companion. Take it wherever you go. It will indeed prove to be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path."

2. My Bible has the date on each page. This is very convenient and helpful, and enables one to follow the historical order of events, especially in the Old Testament.

3. It has marginal references, but not a concordance. For this purpose I prefer to have a separate "Helps to the Study of the Bible," published by the Oxford Press. The latter contains useful information and a concordance in a compact form. For home use I have a large concordance, which gives the Hebrew and Greek equivalent of all important words.

4. To those who know Greek I would also recommend the use of a pocket Greek Testament. It often throws new light on the text.

5. In committing passages to memory, I would strongly recommend the learning of entire chapters rather than detached verses. Those which I have myself found most useful for memorising are:

- (1) The Sermon on the Mount—Matthew, chapters v. to vii.
- (2) The Last Words of Christ to His Disciples—John xiv. to xvii.
- (3) Christ's Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia—Revelation ii and iii.
- (4) From the Epistles—Romans viii. and xii.; I. Corinthians xiii.; Ephesians vi. 10-20; I. Thess. iv. 13-18; II. Thess. ii. 1-12; Hebrews xi. 32-40, and xii. 1-15; James i.; I. Peter v. 1-10; I. John i.
- (5) From the Psalms—i., ii., xix.,

xxiii., xxiv., xxxii., xxxiv., li., lxxiv., ciii., and cxxi.

- (6) From Isaiah—Chap. i. 1-27; ii. 2-5; i. 5-10; iii.; iv.
- (7) From Joel—Chap. ii. 11-18, and 28-32.
- (8) From Malachi—Chap. iii. 1-4, and 16-18, and Chap. iv.

By going over these at least once every month, I am able to retain them in my memory, which is by no means naturally retentive. The mind is like a box. If we leave it empty, it will be filled with "vain thoughts," or worse. If, on the other hand, we convert it into a jewel box and fill it with precious stones from God's own Word, we shall increase its capacity for good.

The Bible is the Pen-Gem of the World. Apart altogether from its religious value as the Revelation of God to Man, it is a wonderful book, from whatever angle we regard it. I want us to consider it to-day from the following standpoints:

I. As the Pen-Gem of the World's Literature.

II. As the Pen-Gem of the World's Poetry.

III. As the Pen-Gem of the World's History.

IV. As the Pen-Gem of the World's Religious and Moral Teachings.

V. The Holy Ghost as its Interpreter.

I. The Bible in the Pen-Gem of the World's Literature.

Apart from the Bible, there are three great and ancient literatures, which have been the wonder and admiration of the world—namely, Sanscrit, Latin, and Greek. In the providence of God I have been obliged to study all three, and have

had to pass difficult examinations in them, when preparing for the Indian Civil Service, and I wish to say from my own personal knowledge of them that there is not in any one of them anything that can be compared for literary, poetical, historical, or moral excellence to the Bible.

But lest you should think that I am prejudiced, let me quote the words of that ripe and accomplished scholar, Sir Monier Williams, after he had devoted more than forty years to the patient and sympathetic study of these books and their religions.

Speaking of the Hindu Vedas, the Mohammedan Kur'an, the Buddhist Tripitaka, the Confucian Texts and the Zend Avesta of the Zoroastrians, Sir Monier uses these weighty and remarkable words:

"These non-Christian Bibles are all developments in the wrong direction. They all begin with some flashes of true light, and end in utter darkness. ... Place them, if you will, on the left side of your study table but place your own Holy Bible on the right side—all by itself—all alone and with a wide gap between."

"It requires some courage to appear intelligent in these days of flabby compromise and milk-and-water concession, but I contend that ... there is a gulf between the Bible and the so-called sacred books of the East, which severs the one from the other utterly, hopelessly, and for ever—not a mere rift which may be easily closed and across which the Christian and non-Christian may shake hands and interchange similar ideas in regard to essential truths—but a veritable gulf which cannot be bridged over by any science of religious thought—yes, a bridgeless chasm, which no theory of evolution can ever span!"

"Go forth ye Missionaries, in your Master's Name! Go forth into all the world, and after studying all its false religions and philosophies, fearlessly proclaim to suffering humanity the plain, the unchangeable, the eternal, nay, I might almost say, the stubborn, the unyielding, the inexorable facts of the Gospel! Dare to be down-right, with all the uncompromising courage of your own Bible. ... Be fair, be charitable, be Christlike; but let there be no mistake. Let it be made absolutely clear that Christianity cannot, must not, be watered down to suit the palate of either Hindu, Parse, Confucianist, Buddhist, or Mohammedan; and that whoever wishes to pass from the false religion to the true can never hope to do so in the sickly plants of compromise, or by help of faltering hands held out by half-hearted Christians! He must leap the gulf in faith, and the living Christ will spread His Everlasting Arms beneath and land him safely on the Eternal Rock!"

The same may be said of the Greek and Latin writers. The Bible towers above them like Mount Everest over the mountains of the world. It stands in solitary grandeur, a monument of God's own workmanship.

There is only one explanation possible. The Bible is God's Book. It is God's Law Book of Commands and Penalties—it is His Cheque Book of Promises and Rewards. It is the Revelation of God to Man. It is the explanation of Sin, its cause, character, and consequences. It is the unfolding of God's glorious Redemption Plan.

(To be continued)

The W
OFFICIAL GAZETTE

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